whom life is neither a holiday nor an opportunity for acquiring comfort, but a great adventure. . , . From first to last there was always inhim something of the knight-errant/'

It was just such a man who could tell the truth about Tahiti. So anxious was he to do so that his wife tells us how for seven years after his return he did not write a line lest romance should too highly colour his pages. When he did at length sit down to his task, so strongly had the island life impressed him that he found he had lost nothing by the delay. But we have done so. The war interrupted the work. As with Brooke, so with Calderon—the great lovers of beauty and kindly folk and unconventionally could not stand by idle with the world in agony. Calderon "vanished in the smoke of battle/' leaving to us his dream,

I shall not quote much from his book. It cannot be done with success here. It is a book of pen pictures, interspersed with longer

essays and illustrated by pencil sketches of types and friends which are far more true than an English untravelled reader can know. One sees that again and again he saw with Gauguin's eyes. The faces of his subjects have in them something of the terror and